### Tom, Champion of the Alley

yet a year old, but he was a whole regiment within bluself. He had been left slone in the world at a very tender age. his mother paring perished during a severe storm two months after Tom's birth. It was winter time, and Tom, alone and unrecustomed to forage for himself, had suffered from cold and hun-cer, not to mention the loneliness of his life after he lost his mather. There had been four of them to begin with—Tom, a sister and two brothers, but the sister and two brothers had not survived the stress of weather that had come upon them at so tender an age, and Tom and garbage barrel-under whose shelter og brothers to the mercy of the elements and

When this and thing impressed in Tom's the severest winters Cat-kind had ever living at the time in an old accretarond living at the time in an old accretarond that in su alley a look fell of clarks through which the snow delited and with one side gone. Some oil paper and face accreting the look, and these had suffered as After having finished his breakfast Tom

a lod for Tom and his mother.

On that dismal marning when Tom mewed and nestired against the cold form of his mother in vain, when no nuswering pur and caressing tongue responded to his ery. Tom realized after a while that never would be know his mother as she red. She would call to him never Her caresses were things of the past. In future it was Tom for Tom alone. And as he iny there shivering against the still mother, his eyes tender

### Miss Learning's Predicament.



Little Miss Learning Read books through and through. And little Miss Learning's Small head grew and grew,

It was full of book knowledge, And also, of wit: But there wasn't a hat made

Tom was hig and powerful. He was not , and hine (for he was but a haby then was Tom) he wondered what he should do for breakfast, for he was very hungry indeed. Then as he became colder and colder, and with hunger raging in his little stomach, he erept from the o'd box and went forth into the world on ble own account. Nor did he ever return to that box which now held only heart-breaking evidence of his lonelines -his great be-renvement. He left the dear mother body to Nature's cure, as is the wont of such as Ton.

The first thing Tom did after leaving the old box was to hant for a morsel to ent. This he luckly found in a nearby his mother had moved away from the old back yard. A blicken motil ran futo the niley with some bits of cold food which less they had made a home. Scarling the she threw towards an old barrel-but little lifeless forms of the abser and two | which went for astray, going on the wind-swept ground instead -just at the moment when Tom came along. Tom's Bit e quivering nose exught the smell of family he was just six weeks and. Two meat, Waiting till the harrying maid had weeks inter his mother frame to death returned into the house he went eagerly covering him from the storms of one of to the cast off scraps of fool and began to eat ravenously. It was the first :1:nknown. They-Tom and his mother-were he had ever used his little testh, but they stood him in good stead while devouring the bits of meat that were too big to go

> After having finished his breakfast Tom e't that he had come off victorious in the first battle of his life, and though he was but a tiny, ill-kept kitten, he knew that many more and fiercer battles were in store for him. How he knew this we cannot tell, for the intuitive lustinct in nulmal is most astounding, and human urited cannot fathom it.

> After his breakfast Tom can down the alley till he came to a burn, a southern window of which was slightly ajor. Through this window Tom smelt warm atmosphere. He followed impulse and sprang to the window ledge. Looking authously within he assured himself that the place was just what he was wanting. A big comfortable room with warm hay strewn about the floor, was most inviting to a freezing sitten's eyes. So down Tom jumped, into the barn. Hardly had he done so, however, when a strange and done so, however, when a strange and formidable noise came to his ears. The sound was suddenly followed by the object that had made it, a great dog of enormous build. He had been stretched in the manger, napping softly in the hay, when Tom had made his entrance. But upon seeing Tom he had slowly raised binnels, clared at the tiny intruder, and himself, glared at the tiny intruder, and had then given vent to the strange sound just mentioned above. This sound was what is commonly known as a bark.

> Tom, never having heard a dog bark before, was very much startled. Then, when he beheld the great monster, risen before him, he was so frightened that his hair stood on end and his pretty soft tail bristled up like the back of a porcupine. He stood his ground, however spitting and elaring back. Strange. ever, spitting and glaring back. Strange to say, this show of bravery on Tom's part seemed to surprise the great dog, for instead of advancing towards the lit-tic fellow he retired into the hay again. lying down so low in the manger that Tom could see but the tip of his muzzle -pointed at him like a gun and his round eyes glaring at him in a question-ing manner, but looking less hold than they had done a few moments before. And again that morning Tom felt that

### AN EASY REBUS.



he had won a battle. His extreme fear had been mistaken by the dog for definnce and fight.

As the huge occupant of the barn-for the dog was the only tenant there when Tom went in-scenari content to Il in the buy and watch his little enemy, Tom decided to warm his toes by erawling lute the her loft, into which he could look through an opening at the top of a stair. So, with a curving of the back and a glare of the eyes as he pessed his bure for in the manger, Tem made his way to the hayloft and was soon fast asleep in a pile of warm hay, Ind ed, he had never known so comfortable a before. He only wished that his dear mother might have found this place before the winter had set in, the winter which had cost her so dearly-had cost Tom so dearly.

And so a great part of the day passed, Tom sleeping in the hayloft and dreaming no doubt of mice. At any rate, plenty of the last named little mischlerous creatures were in that barn as Total found out inter to his heart's content. (Or I should have said to his stomach's

content.) Towards noon someone opened the door leading from the barn into the alley, and Tom from his place in the loft could hear the dog bark, not a vicious, ugly, threat-

Tom heard a boy's voice saying: "Ah, ha, old chap! Here's some dinner

for you. Have you been comfortable old doggle? It's as cold as the north pole outside today, and you're lucky to well housed.

Then the boy was gone and Tom - - t to the edge of the stair opining and peeped down to see what the old dog his enemy-was about. Ah, he was esting from a dish some very delicious-looking ment. And near to the dish lay a huge bone, bits of red, juley ment cling-ing to the great joint. Tem's nose spoke loudly to his stomach, saying: "There's the real article, friend, the very diet you were born to eat as soon as weaned. And now you are weased through force of cruel circumstances, so it's to you to go below and nelp yourself."

Tom, not so old as he might have been therefore rather bold and fearless went below stairs and approached pretty close to the old dog who iny on his stomach gnawing from the bone. In the evidently the bone held more attraction for the dog, for he had turned to it with seeming great relish.

Tom watched his chance to get at the bits of food on the plate. While the old which stuck tenuciously to the bone Tom

a friendly, sociable, pleased bark. Then | made his charge. He went boldly to the plate, put one paw on a bit of ment and with his sharp claws drew it towards bim. In the very act he was caught, The old deg turned a threatening eye full upon him and struck towards him with a free part. Tota spat victoraly at the glant who had shown the disposition to hold the food supply for himself. But never once did Tom let go of the plece of ment his little claws were thrust into His tail reared into air, bristling with anger. His back formed a half boop; but the paw held fast to the longed-for mest. "Spit, spit!" And Tom's small blue eyes shone flercely as they returned the look

of the old dog. "Spit, spit;"

And then the old dog who must have known cuts before, and known them to his own disadvantage-took his bone and returned to the manger with it, leaving the ground about the dish of food in the ession of the small but feroclous little enemy. Tom felt his victory,-felt it with pride. Another battle won, and he just started out in life on his own book!

But Tom did not stop to philosophize low. His stoum h called loudly for action, and Tom obeyed. He made a generous ment. Then, feeling his strength, and in some way understanding the cowardice of the huge monster in the manger, he dog was very busy with a shred of ment | made bold to go to the edge of the enemy's stronghold and reconnoiter a bit.

## The Hornbill, An Interesting Bird

tall, short legs, and a comparatively small body. Its nesting habits are most unique, regarding which I quote Mr. Charles Hose,

"The nest is niways built in the hollow of a large tree-the hollow, he it noted, being always due to disease of the tree or the ravages of termites, not to the per-sonal labors of the birds. The bottom of this cavity is often plugged by a termites' nest and accumulation of decayed wood, and on the upper surface of this is made the nest, a very rough-and ready structure, composed simply of the feathers of the female. The hollow of the tree communicates with the exterior alr by mean municates with the exterior alr by means of a long apertore, which just before the period of incubation, is closed up almost entirely by the male, simply leaving a long silt open, up and down which the beak of the imprisoned female can move. The substance used in thus closing the aperture closely resembles some vegetable rests, and is probably composed of a gastric secretion, combined with the woody fragments of fruit. It should be noticed that this silt is always in close proximity to the nest, so that the femals can costhat this silt is always in close proximity to the nest, so that the female can case thy protrude her beak for food without moving from her sitting position. During incubation the mais bird supplies the female with food in the form of pelicis of fruit, seeds, insects, portions of rep-

The Hornbill is a forest bird. In ap- tiles, etc., the pellets being fuelosed each pearance it is not altogether prepossessing, having a heavy benk, long wings and feeding the female the male clings to the bark of the tree, or sits on a brauch conveniently near, and jerks these pellets into the gapping beak of the h u U mally four pellets make a meal.



Created Hornbill.

if to say: "Beware; not too far, sir!" But chums. Tom, not understanding dog-tongue, went along to the top of the manger, looking square luto the face of the tenant. All the time his tall, bushy and fierce of uspect, stood pointing towards the ceiling; cold, bungry and miserable, and where and his back was to the shape of the halfmoon. And as he walked along on the narrow parapet, or enemy's rampart, he spat frequently at the object of his hatred and fear. But the old dog was too lazy to rouse himself to action or too much afraid of the agility and sharp

watching the maneuver of the enemy. Thus the day passed in the barn, Tom making frequent visits to the edge of the manger where the old dog lay. And the old dog at last made up his mind that he had nothing to fear from the visitor and would quietly sleep with one eye while with the other he kept tab on the doings of Tom. And as the day waned Tom himself became less suspicious of the great dog, and found himself going about the barn with his little tall and back in

normal condition.

claws of the queer little intrader to show

fight, and remained lying in his bed.

And so a week went by. Tom feeding himself from the dog's dish, or from a fine julcy bone, the dog making no objection after the first two or three days. And then came a day when the boy who came to feed the dog saw Tom. But in vain, he coaxed and coaxed. Tom had his suspicions of him and would not let him approach within touching distance. But as the boy was such a regular caller at the barn, remaining sometimes a long time to chat and play with the old dogwhose name was Nemo-Tom at last allowed him to stroke his back one day. Then confidence existed between them. and before long the three fellows, the boy,

The dog looked at him, growling low, as | the dog, and the eat, were the best of

After that Tom was invited to come into the big house to live, but nothing could induce him to leave the warm barn where he had come that morning after his dear mother's death, when he was

he had found such pence and plenty. So Tom became the barn cut and champion of the alley, too. Did a stray deg or cat come there Tom let them know at once that he would stand for no intrasion. But did a poor, good-natured cat or kitten appear Tom would share his food and shelter with the unfortunate. He never once forgot his own sufferings, and had the deepest sympathy for one in distress. But the tramps, the night-yawl-ers, had no encouragement from him, and suffered at his claws till they ran away in self defense. Tom was known in the neighborhood as the greatest mouser to be found in the town, as well as being the friend of peace and the enemy of

LETTER ENIGHA.

cat-carousal.

My first is in chapter, but not in book; My second is in hear, but not in book; My third is in river, but not in bed; My fourth is in brain, but not in head; My fourth is in brain, but not in head; My fifth is in sing, but not in ery; My sixth is in death, but not in die; My seconth is in ment, but not in cook; My eighth is in shake, but not in shook! My night is in serrow, but not in weep; ninth is in serrow, but not in weep; My tenth is in running, but not in everp; My elementh is in ivery, but not in stone; My twelfth is in fat, but not in hore; My thirteenth is in time, but not but not in 1 e2; My fourteer th to in side, but not in make

Mr. whole or With a more place popular of the At the time of year

"Spit, spit," and Tom's small blue eyes shone flererly as they returned the look of the old dog.

Frank Connelley, Mgr.

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# CHRISIMAS IN KELVIN

Was Down in the Hills That Day. ent condition of the country.

spondence of The Republican.)—The a quiet but pleasant Christmas. In the people at Keivin enjoyed a very preas. There were numerous Christmas time. ant Christmas. The day was an ideal trees in town, and many a pleasant one, the sun shining all day, as usual, hour was spent frimming them. be heard on all sides.

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was very picely arranged and im- gets me on the telephone and finds out grow, and so he pays me always for York Sun PLEASURE UNCO FINED mensely enjoyed. Some of any yarns I've got ahead, and appoints the hour sides. to any of our great comedians.

The stores all reported doing a fine when I'll be through with the work frenk; but it's a pleasant kind of That runs ter kiss their granny. If There Was Duliness in the Camp it Christmas trade, considering the pres- I've got on hand or waiting. This ap-

Captain Dudley and his detachment, turn in the chair after the time set, Kelvin, Dec. 26.-(Special Corre- who are camping out at Kelvin, passed just the same as if he'd been waiting

just making it warm enough for pleas- Christmas afternoon a reception make appointments with their barber ant tramps over the surrounding hills was tendered the children and resi- now by telephone. I just thought of and through the many twisted guiches, dents of Kelvin by Mr. and Mrs. Gor- that about this man because this same giving everyone a chance to enjoy don and Mrs. Price. The house was man has got one little pecuarity that themselves and celebrate the day in a very daintily decorated for the occa- I suppose you might call almost freak-fitting manner. Everyone appeared to sion. Mrs. Gordon, in a handsome ish. be happy, as Christmas cards and dress, met the guests at the door and "He wears a bead and mustache, packages were to be seen all around, extended a warm welcome to all. A and twice a month he comes to get and words of good cheer and predic-children's entertainment had been himself trimmed up. He comes on the tions of prosperity and plenty were to provided, and it passed off very suc- first and the fifteenth of the month. be heard on all sides.

Cessfully to the gratification of all, and he's so regular that you could set

One of the most pleasantly surprised. The program led off by a baritone your calendar by him if you wanted
ones was one early morning milkman, solo by Mr. C. M. Gordon. Miss to. That is, usually. J. W. Pinnedge. He was presented Georgia Eaton made the welcoming "But once in a while he takes a with a nice, big. fat calf and disvoc- speech in a very pleasing manner, freak notion into his head that he'll ered two of his horses which had been Miss Needam a recitation, a solo by let his whiskers grow awhile, let 'em lost in the hills for several months. Mrs. Barenscher, song by Miss Phillps, sprout and see what they'll do. He Mr. Pinnedge has the best wishes of several songs by Sunday school, plane knows he looks better and younger Kelvin, as he is one of those who are and violin act by Mrs. Philips and son, trimmed up in good shape, but about valiently sticking to Kelvin, waiting a song by Mr. W. H. Tarquis duet by once in so often he lets 'em grow. I for the return of the former good McNealy and Bruce, song by Miss have an idea that this is somehow a times which are surely coming.

Beulah Williams, recitation and song sort of relief to him. Mr. Harrington, of the Sultana Ari- by Anna R. Piper, a plane selection "He's a steady going sort of a man, zona Copper company, was agreeably of Rubenstein's by Miss Lillie Beebe, right on the job, never flying the race surprised by his employes presenting recitation by Thelma Martin, recita- in any way, and I have an idea that him with a token of their regard for tion by Miss Coleman and sister, and it's sort of fun to him to let his whisrecitation by Mr. W. H. Marquis, en- kers run riot once in a while. I may Our friend the baker. Oom Paul titled "Pigs is Pigs." which evoked be off on this, but that's the way it Reidel, invited several of his German much laughter and applause. Follow- strikes me, and that I suppose you friends to a dinner which would have ing the entertainment presentations to might call freakish. children took place, and then followed by a very dainty lunch. The floor was that after letting his beard go and then cleared and given over to those starts in again regular he pays me all who desired to dance. The Philips the back tips for the times he skip-family being the orchestra. There ped. He says it's no fault of mine were numerous round dances and sev-that he didn't come in and he doesn't ral o'd-fashioned hoedowns engi- see why I should suffer because he secred by George Penson. Mr. Penson kept things humming for a while shouting "Swing you partners." "all hands around." etc. Eversbedy was having a great time. Talk Kelvin feeling blue. One of the dances as a Virginia reel, and to see the

way George Enton and wife went through the different maneuvers ould make anyone feel young again. The entertainment was a great suc - and much could be due the Gortwo miles southeast of the city, where don family. They have worked long a success and to bring good cheer t overvone. They have the host wishes of all, and may they long be with u-

For the Beard.

"Many frenk customers? Oh, some," anid the burber. "I've got one customer, a regular who always makes an annointment be telephone. He has his own office and so can control his own time, and

done credit to a kaiser. The spread days when he wants to come over he took a notion to let his whiskers freakishness, don't you think?"-New able to tell him very close to the time pointment is good for him for the next In the shop, and it saves him a lot of

"Still, I don't know as you'd call that freakish exactly; plenty of men

"Why, every time he comes in like

how my work is running, how many this trim and all the back tips be-

"And for that really I suppose you

And fetched a sie for Nanny,

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